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VOL. XX.

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MARY CLIVE.

Written for the Saline County Journal, by N. F. Ethell.

CHAPTER XII.-A NEW VENTURE. Miss Clive "was in distress from the day she returned to the Flist House. It seemed to her she could scarcely breathe in the old house. She became very restless. In four days it seemed to her that she had become a year older. She strove hard to accomplish something for her father. She had frequent conversations with Golightiy. She talked also several times with Mrs. Flint. The former was always polite and entertaining. The latter was enigmatical. was enigmatical.

Then she went to a Mrs. Brothers's Then she went to a Mrs. Brothers's to board. It was a place recommended to her by Golightly. She found it a vast improvement over the Flint House. She became somewhat reconciled to staying in Broadripple. But several weeks passed and she had done nothing. To relieve the tedium of her enforced stay in Broadripple she decided to become a newspaper contributor. Fate or fortune led her to apply si the office of the Broadripple "Star." The publication day of the Star was Friday. The foreman was becoming nervous. Copy had given coming nervous. Copy had given out, and being a punctual man, he was afraid of being left in the lurch.

Joram Osborn, the editor, sat at his desk. His face was a blank. So were his ideas. He couldn't even and copy in his exchanges, a pile of Jap Trueworthy, the devil, plung-ed into the sanetum from the adjoin-ing composing room. He whistled

a lively air. "Copy," he said, and smeared some ink across his pug nose, and resumed his whistling. Osborn figetted, reached his stiff hair back, and looked helpless. "Four columns yet to set."

"I wasn't talking to you, Sir Im pudence."
"You're excusable," said Jap pertly, and made a black slash across his freekled cheek. He whistled more vigorously than ever.

"Rat-tat," sounded on the door. The editor and the devil looked around and beheld a beautiful young woman standing at the head of the stair way.

Jap belted into the composing room with staring eyes. Throwing his right thumb over his shoulded energetically, he threw himself into

a tragic attitude and hoareely whis-"Most poble dook! Aha and "What's up, Jap?" asked the jour.
"Emma Abbott's up. What ho—
an' ef you can't git a hoe, git a red-

handled r-r-r-ake!"
"I'll rake you," said the foreman, catching the lad by the ear. "Dis-"Ou-ou-ouch!" yelled the apprentice, dancing round the

Man.
Osborn rose quickly and stepped over the pile of newspapers surrounding him.
"Is the editor in?" A sweet-toned voice was heard in the dim and dingy room, awaking unusual echoes, and thrilling the editor with a new fresh semantion.
"Can I see the editor?" said Miss Clive, as she glanced inquiringly at the little man who came toward her. emiling egotistically and yet half-ashamedly, his lower lip drooping, showing discolored teeth, his shaggy eyebrows raised expectant.
"You see the editor before you madam," said Osborn, in his pleas-antest voice, essaying a stiff and awkward bow in his effort to be

good-mannered.
Miss Clive was shocked at the man's untildy appearance and insig-nificant stature, so much at variance with her editorial acquaintance, and did not speak at once. "I apprehend that I am the editor, madam," repeated Osborn in an af-fected tone of voice, as if the infor-

mation his words conveyed was be-yond the ordinary. "Can I do any-thing to serve you?"
"I hope I do not seem too bold in e ming to your office uninvited," she said. "But I thought probably —I did not know but—you sometimes accepted contributions for publication in your paper."
"We do so frequently, madam,"
interrupted Osborn, to relieve his visitor's evident embarassment. He smiled, pulled at his tuft of beard with his left hand and pushed his right hand into his vest front with an air of self-importance. I appre-

hend we use our utmost endeavors to make the 'Star' as original as pos-sible, and we will gladly publish any contribution you may offer if it be found suitable for our columns. It shall be carefully considered at any "I have with me a short story of some interest, I think, in this locality. I hope it may be available."
"I apprehend there will be no doubt about its entire adaptability to our needs, madam. If you choose to leave it, it will afford us pleasure

"Thanks. My boarding place—should you wish to communicate with me in reference to the MS. is Mrs. Brothers's. I suppose you are acquainted with her husband."
"He is one of my most intimates, madam," said Osborn. He b-wed and amiled compineently as if it were a great honor to be a friend of Mr. Brothers—one of his "most intimates." to examine it."

mr. Brothers—one of this "most intimates."

"I shall probably remain in your
charming little city for some
months, and it will give me pleasure
to contribute to your columns from
time to time, should my work prove
acceptable," said Mary.

Mary told the editor her name,
and handed to him a bundle of man-

uscript, and bidding him good morn

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"Copy!" shouted the devil, showing his lik-stained face into the sanctum, and glaneing carefully around to see if the lady who had frightened him away a few minutes before was gone. Finding "the coast clear" he added, "Stiles says he must have some more copy or he won't be able to go to press on time. Four columns yet to set."

"Here, Jappy, tell Stiles we

and its vicinity, and presented them | she and Temple are engaged." in so piquant a manner as to arouse universal comment and create pleasant surprise. The fortune of the "Star" fooked up. Everybedy wanted to beg, to borrow or to buy the "Star." Its publication day was awaited with interest, and its distribution through the town halled with pleasure.

Mary informed ber father what she was doing. He quite approved her course. CHAPTER XIII.-A GLIMPSE OF CHARLES TEMPLE. Miss Clive soon became alarmed at certain events which, to her mind,

untrained in the ways of the world, were portentous of trouble if not danger. Full of this dread, she wrote to her father at length. You know, father, I wrote to you that I had begun to contribute to the "Star" newspaper. I fear this was a blunder.

Mr. Golightly, the clerk of the Flint House, has treated me with unexceptionable politeness. But a queer thing has happened; he has

"You can't imagine how lonely the Flint House is nowadays, Miss Clive," he said, after greetings and common-places. "The light has all teen struck out of it, since you left

I bardly knew what to make of his remark, but determined to take it in good part, I ventured to say; "And you don't know how much I bim.

Trueworthy, the devil, plungthe sanotum from the adjointhe sanotum from the adjoinwas on the "antepenuit," and per-petrated one of his execrable puns about it His inclination is always to play upon words. He was pleased at my effort in that direction, and laughed heartily in his frank, off-

hand manner.

"That is bad," he said. "You would be welcomed back to the Flint, I'm sure—even by old Mrs.
Filint, who took a strong liking for you. This was really extraordinary for her, for she was never known to have been interested in any one before you came there."
"Indeed!" I said. "Do you know

"I do not, though I have my opinion on that subject. The old lady asks after you every day—it is really extraordinary." After a pause, he continued, "I'm sorry to hear that you're not enjoying your-self, Miss Clive." "O that was badinage, Mr. Go-lightly," I said, supposing he re-ferred to my flippant remark. "I'm

not only enjoying myself, but am on the flood-tide of success, socially." "I'm truly glad to hear it, and I'm on the flood—tide to uncongenial business, ahem!" he said, with one

of his hearty laughs. "And I'm becoming tired of its monotony. It gives me the dumps."
"I don't see how anything can become monotonous where you are, Mr. Golightly," I said, and I was sincere, for I never knew a man so continuously bubbling over with good humor and joility; "it doesn't seem possible."
"Weil, I'm sll broken up now st

any rate," be said, laughing. He paused a moment and continued, in a tone so grave for bim that I became alarmed; "You have happened here in a bad time to see our people at their best."
"I do not understand you," I said

in surprise. "I'm not aware of any-thing which should make it had for me to be here."
"Of course, being a lady, you're not aware of anything wrong," he said, pleasautly, and added, with considerable heat, I thought, "I must say I'm thoroughly ashamed of the people of this town—at least of a large number of them." "It must be something awful, Mr. Golightly; do tell me about it, so

that I may not indvertently make a false step."
"That's just what I called for, Miss Clive," he said. "I feared that, not knowing of people, you might be led into an error of some kind. I refer to the scandal about that good friend of mine, Charles Temple—the gentleman you made ome inquiries about, you remember. when you first came to the Flint House. Temple is one of the best fellows that ever lived—you know I told you something of his history. I suppose you have heard about the stories that are being told, and read some of them, perhaps, in that vile and venal sheet, the Broadripple

The man seemed to be much excited, and gesticulated somewhat

widly. I was much astonished, and could only say, "Yes!" "The editor of that contemptible sheet," he continued, "has no more manliness in him than a gorilla-writing such stuff as he does about Charlie, and allowing his Chicago correspondent to say still measure things. Then the quidnunes have shown their lack of sense and justice by taking up the falsehoods which appear in the 'Star,' and repeating them. It makes me fighting mad-racuse my warmth, Miss Clive-to see almost the whole town turn and kick a man after he's down, especially when he has been

turn and kick a man after he's down, especially when he has been downed by so notorious a prevaricator as old Joram Osborn!"

Now I can see, father, how this condition of affairs may be of benefit to me in so far as it may tend to break the engagement—if there is one—between Miss Burns and Mr. Temple; but it is a very undesirable situation for me to be placed in. If I should fail in love with Temple after becoming acquainted with him. after becoming acquainted with him, it would be pleasanter to win him without such assistance as this. Besides, I fear it will become known Besides, I fear it will become known that I am a contributor of "local items" to the "Star," which may lead the people to suspect that I am the author of the slanders that appear in the columns of the paper. I should rather relinquish every effort than be laid under suspicion like that. For fear of consequences such as this, would It not be better for me to come home?

plaintive, almost pathetic, as if the opportunity to speak thus had long been sought and had brought a certain relief. Miss Clive thought there must be some kind of hidden meaning in the words, as well as a cort of pleasure in uttering them. She could not prevent a shudder. She cast about in her mind for a suitable comment, but found herself at a loss.

she and Temple are engaged."

"I can't say of my own knowledge that they are—I have heard so. I fear the result of the alanders will be bad, and may break the engagement if there is one. Simpy Davore is much excited about the reports and is belping them along to the best of his ability, being heatile to a marriage. I suppose he thinks now is the time to do his best or worst in arousing dislike of Charlie in Laura's mind. The

now is the time to do his best or worst in arousing dislike of Charlie in Laura's mind. The outlook is bad."

"I fear you're too easily frightened, Mr. Golightly," I said. "If I loved a man well enough to marry him, such gossip as this shouldn't be allowed to wreck my happiness."

"Laura herself is all right. The trouble is with her uncles, who already dislike Charlie because of his reduced circumstances, and may succeed in influencing her parents against him."

Mr. Golightly and I talked for

against him."

Mr. Golightly and I talked for sometime about the affair. When he went away I felt pretty blue, for I fear the complications that seem to be rising may not be pleasant. I should like to know the name of the Chicago correspondent who is traducing Temple so infamously! You don't know, I suppose? After Mr. Golightly left me, Mrs. Pollock, a married lady with whom I became acquainted some days ago, came in, and we walked down the street Just as we turned a corner, we passed a gentleman who appeared to be in a great hurry.

passed a gentleman who appeared to be in a great hurry. "Good evening, Mr. Temple," said Mrs. Pollock, in a voice and with an earnestness that indicated she didn't wish him to fail to observe that she had recognized him. He was far past when he lifted his hat, but I was so anxious to see him, when I heard the name from Mrs. Pallock, that I could not resist the temptation to turn and look at him, as he returned the salutation pleasantly, in a deep, full, ringing tone, not loud but bearty and free from the least affectation-"Good afternoon, Mrs. Pol-lock." There was something in the

tones of the man's voice alone that attracted me.
I grasped Mrs. Pollock's arm and asked, as I looked around, "Is that the Charles Temple I've heard so much of intely? "Yes, that's Charlie," she replied.
"Something must be wrong; he went by like a shot, didn't he?"

"I should say so—as if he had been fired out of a eaunon," I said, at random. "What a flerce look he had, as if he were on the track of ome one he meant to kill" Mrs. Policek laughed. danger of his killing any one-he's

the quietest, most peaceable fellow you ever saw."
"What," I said, "a locomotive like that, under a full head of steam, she laughed again and said, "He did go by like an engine, that's a Well, I'm agreeably disappointed

in the man you are so anxious for me to marry. He isn't a country bumpkin by any manner of means. No man of my acquaintance has a somewhat tailer than you, and seems to have the training of an athlete. The swiftness of his movements, the grace and ease with which he walked, the breadth of his shoulders, and the general air of strength and force, with the sym-metry of his figure, remind me of pictures I have seen and descriptions have read of the gladuators in the Roman circus in its palmiest days. If his moras and mental stature is symmetrical with his physical, he is one in ten thousand. I was very much impressed by his appearance. It may not be that I have failen in love at first eight, but I am not far from it. There is something irresistibly and inexplicably attrac-tive about the man, for he isn't what might be termed handsome-at least not particularly so I do not wonder that Miss Burns idolizes him. My preconceived opinions of him have all been changed, and this

change will give greater zest to my visit and purpose here; my task will not be a disagreeable one, unless I fail in its accomplishment! I must confess that hitherto I have made a trifling affair out of this scheme of yours, a joke, a whim that I perfunctorily engaged to gratify-an adventure that I welcomed as a relief from the tedium of the humdrum life in my lonely Chicago. But I think I have met my fate! Your loving daughter, MARY.

CHAPTER XIV .- MRS. FLINT BE-COMES ANGRY. Golightly's assertion to Miss Clive that Mrs. Flint was interested in her, induced the young lady to call on the old lady very soon after-

wards. "Your visit does me honor. Miss Clive," said Mrs. Flint, as she shook hands with her. "I needn't ask you if you have been well-your appearance answers the question; you are simply charming."
"Never too old to flatter, Mrs.
Flint," said Mary, with added color. "And you?" I see no change—

ust as active as ever!"
"There is but one more change for me—the change that all mankind must,undergo," said Mrs. Flint. "I fear that you take too gloomy a view of life, Mrs. Flint," said Mary, the desire returning to help brighten the old lady's life.
"If you knew what I know; if you had suffered what I have; if your

life had been wasted in vain strivhas been, then perhaps you would have said, 'I wonder that you live at all to work . . and love . . and hate!' . . . How strange and and hate!' How at wierd life is, Miss Clive!" This, uttered in the monotone hab-itual to the old woman, was still plaintive, almost pathetic, as if the

where than on her interlocutor

and was delighted with him. I would not care whether a man had a dollar or not, if I loved him. I'd marry him if had the opportunity, if I knew he would never be anything but a poor toiler all his life!"

"But would you be willing to live in Broadripple after having lived in the great city of Chicago?"

"Yee, if the condition I have just speken of were complete. To me

poken of were complete. To me bleago is nothing—happiness is everything."
"Aud do your own sewing, cook-

'Yes, I would do all those things for the man I loved." "What fools we women are!" exsearchingly upon the girl, whose roseate hue was more pronounced than usual, adding to the beauty of her face, if that were possible. She paused a longer time than customsry, and then, in a changed voice, continued, "Is Charles Temple a

bandsomer man than Warren Adams, Miss Cilve?" "Warren Adams, the telegrapher!" exclaimed the girl, astonished at the question, and at the manifest interest of the questioner in the an-

"Yes. He will come into posses sion of the mythical fortune long before Charles Temple, lady. Warren Adams is worth twice as much money to-day as the man your father sent you down to Broadripple to marry for his supposed prospective wealth."

Mary stood breathless with aston shment that Mrs. Flints bould be ishment that Mrs. Flints hould be trenching upon the secret of her stay in Broadripple. She parried the thrust, and with enforced caimness said, "Would you have me marry Warren Adams, Mrs. Flint?" "He would make you the better husband. I know he is worthy. I know he will be rich."

know he will be rich." "You said just now that an honest man without money would be pre-ferable as a husband, Mrs. Flint." There was a gleam in the old woman's eyes, and she looked keenly at the girl. She seemed to be much excited, and said, "What do you mean, Miss Clive? Do you wish to intimate that Warren "No indeed. W. dams, Mrs. Flint?"

The old woman looked away and curbed her rising anger with diffi-"Did you love him as you once thought you loved him," she said, "or as you might learn to love him, but for this other man, I would tell you what I know of him. He will be nothing to your life now that you have seen that bad man Temple. The strangeness of the old woman's words had a depressing influence upon Miss Clive, the more so because of the evident repression

of some knewledge which might be of benefit to her and have a strong bearing upon her future. She left the Flint House with the determination to return home and have noth-ing further to do with either Temple or his suppositious fortune. She lay down that night in a mood that was sad, as if she had been bitterly disappointed in some cherished object. But she arose the next morning efreshed and buoyant. Her luterest in her adventure grew stronger with the contemplation of it, and she soon banished remembrance of the old croaker of the Flint House from her mind. She felt a strange in-terest in Charles Temple regardless

of the scheme of her father.

Mrs. Flint herself, although she had shown no sign of unusual feel-ing during the interview with Miss Clive, stayed alone in her room for some time after the latter left, her wonted expressionless face lighted up with a glare of hatred, her lackluster eyes gleaming with malice. Why had this fine woman stepped in to render the little remainder of her life miserable! Why had she coldly repulsed her own son's atten-tions and taken up with this hated

young man!
"The shameless hussy!" exclaimed
the old woman, her eyes fairly enapping. "I could shake the life out of HAPTER XV. -- BEGINNING TO BLOCK

CLIVE'S GAME. "Without trespassing upon your time, which must be valuable, Judge Ruckle, allow me to eny, without circumiccution, that I 'm here to block a little game that old Bill Clive, of Chicago, is trying to play in this town."

this town."

These words were uttered by John Longbone, in the law-office of Mr. Ruckle, one day shortly after he had, according to his threat, come to Breadripple to interfere with Clive's scheme, whatever that might be, with reference to the Temple estate. He had reintroduced himself to Ruckle, and the two had been self to Ruckle, and the two had been

self to Ruckle, and the two had been talking for a few minutes.

"Block a little game, Mr. Longboue!" exclaimed the lawyer.

"You wouldn't expect me to assist you in that kind of thing, would you?" he asked, in a sharp tone in which good-humor and anger were equally blended.

"Possibly not. I 'll lay the case before you with your permission and then you can say what you will or will not do. See?" said John, who did not seem surprised at the lawyer's tone.

bonor to ask you a few questions about Mr. Temple some time ago, that he was a client of yours—possibly a ward. See?"

"Suppose he in—what of is?" asked the lawyer.

"Why, just this, Jurige Ruckle! Bill Clive is the author of those sinuders."

"Let me ask you a question, Mr. Longbone," sand the lawyer quickly, in a sharp tone. "You came bere in March last to the employ and pay, as confidential agent, of Mr. William Clive; you are now here to black a little game of old Bill Clive's—and are evidently his enemy; what am I understand by such treachery?"

treachery?"

"The point is well taken, Judge Ruckle,,' said Johu, in a calmer tone even than before. "But I will make an explanation that will be satisfactory to you, I think, and will instify my apparently erratic conwhere than on her interlocutor. The woman's eyes rested on the girl a moment, and a gleam, it might have been of hate, shone from their depths. She looked away, with her usual lack lustre gaze far off resumed, and continued, slowly and monotonously, "Lady, you have learned something of our history, but not all. You do not yet know anything about the link which binds the inexplicable present with the fading past. Make no effort to learn the nature of that link. Whatever you do, do not waste a minute of ceive from another. But even a the nature of that link. Whatever you do, do not waste a minute of time or a spasm of effort to win—Charles Temple. Let not a spark of your precious love be lost ou that had man!"

"What if I should tell you that I love him already, Mrs. Flint!" excelaimed Miss Clive, in a bantering tone. "I have seen him but once and was delighted with him. I would not care whether a man had a "The lawver laughed heartily with my insulted American man-hood. See?"

hood. See?"
The lawyer laughed heartily, with his interest aroused. "Is Clive's 'next emissary' here, Mr. Longbone?" he asked.
"She is. It is his own daughter. Mary, though I must say this for her, that she is innecent of any compileity in raseality, for she is as good and pure as she is beautiful. Here old father, more's the pity, would not, however, hesitate to use her to not, however, hesitate to use her to assist him in rescality, making her believe that all was right." "What are they intending to do ?" asked the lawyer.

"That is what I am trying to learn, so that I may be able to block the game. I thought you might be in a condition to help me "I don't like business of that kind, Mr. Longbone. But you have interested me contrary to my expectations, and if I can do young Temple a service in any way. I am ready and anxious to do it. I have a peculiar interest in his welfare."

"I'm sure you can, Judge Ruckle," said John, and went into details, to which the lawyer listened attentively. "You see," he continued, "I have laid my case wide open, on the supposition that, being Temple's at-torney, you might find your way to give me a pointer. See?" "You look and talk like an honest

man, Mr. Longbone," said the law-yer after a pause for reflection, "and I'm inclined to confide in your discretion." Ruckle theu told John about the large estate seen to pass into Temple's possession, and Tem-ple's ignorance of his coming good fortune. "Under the supposition fertune. "Under the supposition that Mr. Clive knows or suspectathis state of affairs, will it aid you this state of affairs, will it aid you in getting the clew you are in search of?" he asked. "Hardly, so far as I can now see," said Longbone. "If Clive knows these facts it would be like him and

in accordance with his methods of proceedure to send his daughter here to marry the heir; for he is a man that would sacrifice his daughter even, on the altar of cupidity which he has set up and before which he bends his knees every day of his worthless life. But this sianderous attack on Temple doesn't consist with this idea. He would hardly Who is Warren begin in that way to bring about a marriage between the two yo people. See?"
"It certainly doesn't look like a

"It certainly doesn't look like a sensible course," said Ruckle.
"Under present lights," added Longbone, "It doesn't indeed."
"If Clive is intriguing to get his daughter married to Temple," said Ruckle, "he may as well stop now, for in my cointen he won't succeed. for in my opinion he won't succeed let him try ever so hard." "What makes you think so? Let me tell you this-old Bill Clive is one of the shrewdest schemers I ever knew, and his daughter one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw. Put the two together in a work of this kind and they can accomplish seem-

ing impossibilities, even though the girl might not know that she was being used by her father as a tool. See?" "That may be all true, Mr. Long-bone. But I have known Charles Temple all my life, and I know he is as unchangeable as the laws of na-ture. He has for some years been keeping company with a most esti-mable young lady of this town, and I have every reason to believe is en-gaged to her, and all the Clives of Chicago, male and female, couldn't turn him from his piedged word. He is a man that never lies or de-

Longbone laughed quietly and sat-isfactorily, and twirled his thumbs with slightly increased speed. "Ab' Judge Ruckle, we have it," he said. "Have what" asked the lawyer

ceives, and I have never known him

"Have what" asked the lawyer in surprise.

"The missing link," answered John. "Old Bill has learned that Temple has a sweetheart here, and his slanders in the 'Star' are for the purpose of breaking off the match as a preliminary step to the attainment of his object. See?"

"It doesn't look like a skiliful maneuver, Mr. Longbone. Temple wouldn't be likely to marry a woman whose tather had alandered him, or undertaken to entrap him."

"No, not if Temple knew that such is the fact. But old Bill hasn't counted on being detected in that is the fact. But old Bill hasn't counted on being detected in that business. The old fellow is devilishly sly, and I'll warrant has laid his plans very carefully. He had not expected, however, that John Longbone of Chicago, would go to the expense and trouble of coming here to block his game. Yes, he's devilishly sly, and his daughter is as full of tact as a nut is of meat, though she might not knowingly

as full of tact as a nut is of meat, though she might not knowingly engage in her father's scheme. See?"

"It would have been difficult for them to gain their point, sly as he may be, even though you hadn't been impressed with the necessity of coming here to block the game, Mr. Longbone. The game blocks itself now."

"I will see that the game is blocked, Judge Ruckle, rest assured of that. I thank you for the convicesy which you have extended to me."

[To be continued.]

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